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as the sea-spray upon the rocks, and still the great manhood seems to stand bare against the blue sky; that mighty mythology, which fills the daily walks of men with spiritual companionship, and beholds the protecting angels break with their burning presence through the arrow flights of battle;—measure the compass of that field of creation, weigh the value of the inheritance that Venice thus left to the nations of Europe, and then judge if so vast, so beneficent a power could indeed have been rooted in dissipation or decay. It was when she wore the ephod of the priest, not the motley of the masquer, that the fire fell upon her from heaven; and she saw the first rays of it through the rain of her own tears; when, as the barbaric deluge ebbed from the hills of Italy, the circuit of her palaces, and the orb of her fortunes, rose together like the iris, painted upon the cloud.—*Stones of Venice.*

An Arab Emir.—The space of ground occupied by the tent of an Arab Emir is nearly a hundred yards in length. From the centre rises conspicuously the awning, which covers the rooms more immediately set apart for himself and his family, surmounted by a glittering gilt ball, out of which rises a spear's head with pendant horse tails. The guest room, which is at the farthest extremity of the tent, is laid down with Persian carpets of the richest manufacture; along three of its sides runs a divan, the seating and cushions of which are made of the softest wool, curiously wrought into a variety of patterns, and expressly made for a thickness and durability calculated to stand the wear and tear of continual removals. The rest of the tent is partitioned off into divisions for the reception of the various stores of corn, rice, barley, oil, butter, &c., in which consists the Emir's wealth and consideration. Around him, as far as his eye can reach, rove his flocks of sheep and camels, accompanied by groups of thorough-bred mares and horses, the latter occasionally bestridden by perfect infants, gambolling on the bare backs of those wild and tractable animals, which seem, as it were, to return the caresses of their innocent playmates, and to acknowledge a mutual charge, by the gentleness of their paces and the docility of their movements; but which, when a stronger hand reins them in, and urges their course, suddenly display the fire and indomitable energies of their nature, pawing in the valley and rejoicing in their strength. Then does this gentle Arab steed become beautiful in his greatness and "the glory of his nostrils is terrible." As the shades of evening close in, the wanderers, in gradually lessening circles, approach the patriarchal tent, and every nightfall brings along with it those various incidents of pastoral life, that make even its very monotony a continual round of fresh recurring and pleasurable emotions, which the Arab would not barter for the pomp and glitter and richness of an empire. Amidst the bleating of his flocks, the neighing of his steeds, the lowing of his herds, and tinkling of his camel bells, the Arab Emir wakes from his slumber, and spreading his carpet, sits in the door of his tent, surrounded by his children, his slaves, and the principal members of his tribe. The dew covered plains sparkle before him like a spangled robe; the morning breezes impart a cooling, a delicious fragrance to all around; a still and melodious harmony seems to reign over the boundless tracts which melt away into the horizon; and, child of Nature by his wants, sympathies, and tastes, he knows no joys but what she affords, and appreciates no gifts but what she imparts. Every hour taken from such exhilarating moments as these, except, perhaps, the more stirring periods of a distant foray, when he leads out his tribe in search of a disputed pasture, or in retaliation for wrongs incurred, is one of unmitigated disgust.—*Colonel Churchill.*

Correspondence.

North Conway, August 20, 1855.

Messrs. Editors.—To one who is fluent in description of scenery, there is enough here to invest a word picture with sufficient interest, perhaps even to engage the attention of indifferent readers, but for me, who have no tact in that direction, the attempt seems to be little less than presumptuous. Principally, perhaps, because I cannot exaggerate, for nearly all the description that I have ever seen adapted to the popular ear, has owed its attractiveness chiefly to this characteristic. The region of the White Mountains is justly famed for its impressive scenery; passages of the sublime and beautiful are not unfrequent, and for those who have the physical strength and mental energy to confront the former among the deep chasms and frowning precipices, I doubt not it would be difficult to exaggerate, and the simple truth would be sufficient to convey the full idea of "boundless power and inaccessible majesty," represented by such scenes. But to one like myself, unqualified to penetrate the "untrodden ways" of the latter, the *beautiful* aspect of the White Mountain scenery is by far the predominant feature. In this respect, this locality (North Conway) possesses advantages probably unequalled by any other, both for its immediate prospects and for the convenience of excursions in the vicinity, introducing new and still new beauties for many miles around. It has not been, as yet, my privilege to enjoy many such excursions, nor have I sought it; there is enough immediately before me for present attention. Mount Washington, the leading feature of the scene when the weather is fine, a circumstance too rare, rises in all his majesty, and with his cotemporary patriots, Adams, Jefferson, Munroe, &c., bounds the view at the North. On either hand, subordinate mountains and ledges slope, or abruptly descend to the fertile plain that borders the Saco, stretching many miles southward, rich in varying tints of green fields and meadows, and beautifully interspersed with groves and scattered trees of graceful form and deepest verdure: rocks glitter in the sunshine among the dark forests that clothe the greater portion of the surrounding elevations; farmhouses peep out amidst the rich foliage below, and winding roads, with their warm-colored lines, aided by patches of richly tinted earth break up the monotony, if monotony it can be called, where every possible shade of green is harmoniously mingled. I have seen no scenery in this country presenting so great a variety in color. The bare summits of the higher mountains in sunny warmth, contrast beautifully with the purplish blue and russet hues that graduate from midway down their vast slopes to their forest bases, and the patches of cultivation which seldom venture but a short way up their sides, are rarely offensive through formality of outline, being always agreeably tinted with various colors.

Such are the more obvious features of this locality, but these are not all. An irregular strip of table-land, skirting the bases of the eastern hills, including Mt. Kearsarge, lifts you from fifty to a hundred feet above the bed of the Saco. On this table-land the village of North Conway is situated, and there the public road passes. In approaching the rich meadows which border the river, you descend a steep bank mostly studded with trees, but occasionally presenting a declivity of loose sand not unlike the ashy slope of Vesuvius, out of which often shoot up the shining stems of the white birch mingled with the drooping elm, and suddenly at the base you are surprised with the gleam of a crystal streamlet winding its way among alders and overhanging trees of various kinds, birch, elm, and maple, to mingle with the Saco. On these streams, and there are a number, the artist finds a variety of delicious "*bits*;" now the luxurious fern and wild flowery plants choke up the passage of the waters, and now masses of mossy rock and tangled roots diversify the banks, and miniature falls and sparkling rapids refresh the Art-student, and nourish the dainty trout. Along these streams at all reasonable times, you are sure to see the white umbrella staring amidst the foliage. I meet these signals of the toiling artist every day, and never without experiencing an internal struggle—a mental conflict. I have a predilection for such secluded recesses of quiet beauty, and many have I found near home, but I am here some three hundred and fifty miles away in search of mountain scenes and passages of middle grounds—the larger and more imposing feature of landscape—and yet I find myself like Garrick, between tragedy and comedy, not knowing which to choose. However, unless the elements soon become more auspicious, I thall yield to the lesser charm, and sit down with my "*traps*" in the "cool sequestered vale," for I have battled with the clouds and rains for the last fortnight to little purpose. Just as I commence my study of the mountains, they are veiled and disappear, and I wait another and another day in hope, till "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." But the clouds do not descend to the valleys, they hide not the secluded stream, and the trees continue in their unveiled charms, lovely in shade as in sunshine, happy as it were in their humility.

Previous to coming here, I had heard much of the facilities in trout-fishing appertaining to this vicinity, and being accustomed to resort occasionally by way of exercise to that occupation during intervals of weather unfavorable for my professional studies, I came with prepossessing anticipation in that direction; but on special inquiry, I found that rumor had somewhat exaggerated such facilities, and it proved, as on other occasions within my recollection, that the really good trouting places were some miles distant. And thus I have almost always found it, go where you will for trout, the best fishing is always some seven or ten miles further off. I have not yet been able to obtain specific directions where to find these desirable localities, although accompanied by a friend much better versed in the science than myself, he having had the honor to fish in company, and under the directions of the celebrated Angler of the "Wilderness and its Waters."

Respectfully yours,

A. B. Durand

Horace Vernet has started from Marseilles for a vigorous campaign in Algiers—now confessedly his undisputed kingdom of Art.—*Athenæum.*

THE GERMAN SCHOOLS OF ART.

PARIS, July 28, 1855.

WE do not hesitate to assert that the German School of Art, as displayed in the works exhibited in the Great Exposition, has not met with the success anticipated. Thoughtless friends have awarded to the artists of Düsseldorf and Munich a reputation that they do not deserve, or, also, unfortunately, the great artists of Germany are but imperfectly represented there. I will give you my impressions of the pictures exhibited. And, first of Cornelius.

The movement for the revival of Art which Germany seems to be so proud of, commenced in Prussia. The Düsseldorf School, formerly in great repute, had declined, and was almost deserted, when Cornelius came from Rome and established himself there in 1821, imbued with the principles he had adopted from association with his friend Overbeck. His system was based upon the resurrection of the Art of the past; his cherished dream was, to return to the unaffected sentiment which belongs to the earliest schools of painting. Cornelius has the honor of reorganising the Düsseldorf Academy, and afterwards that of Munich, where he was summoned in 1825. At present, the King of Prussia has again summoned him to Berlin to execute a very important work, namely, a cemetery, which the Prussian Government are now constructing in Berlin, destined to receive the remains of the royal family. The porticoes of this new Campo-Santo are to be decorated with paintings in fresco, the execution of which has been entrusted to Cornelius, and the cartoons by him of this great funereal work have been sent to the Universal Exposition in Paris. They represent, in symbolical designs, the religious destiny of the human soul as revealed in the prophecies of the Apocalypse. These designs are evidently the work of a master-hand. In them is perceptible the efforts of a man who has closely studied the glorious old masters. Perhaps, in doing so, he shows that he has loved them only too well; for Cornelius aims to combine together two different styles, the masterly simplicity of the fifteenth century, and the characteristics of the pure Italian Renaissance. You will perceive, therefore, by this course that his work, however erudite it may be, lacks unity and power of sentiment, and the mind naturally remains unmoved before such a labored production.

Not so bold in his attempts is Wilhelm Kaulbach, who, like Cornelius, gave his youth to the study of the old masters. He has more of harmony than Cornelius; at all events, he repudiates the systematic imitation of the *precisionists* of the middle ages, and adheres more to the Florentine traditions of the sixteenth century. The drawing by him, entitled "The Tower of Babel," and which is to be executed in fresco in the new Musée at Berlin, is a very skilful composition, but, looked at in detail, the attitudes of the figures are too violent, and one perceives too readily that they are not original.

Charles Müller and Ittenbach, both pupils of Professor Schadow, are the strong hope of the new School of Düsseldorf. Their theory is that of their predecessors, but obedient in this connection to more modern views; they use the brush more cleverly, and they paint with greater effect, and with more power of color. Müller sends to the Exposition an "Annunciation," rather feeble in sentiment, but still graceful and pleasing. Although he may not be aware of the Pre-Raphaelite precepts, the German artist has represented with exquisite faithfulness the smallest details of the room in which the Virgin receives the visit of the Divine messenger. Müller has also a "Madonna holding the infant Jesus," a very sweet, delicate picture. Ittenbach shows the same direction as Müller, but he does not possess the same facility of execution. Like his fellow-student, he has painted a "Virgin;" it is not lacking in simple beauty.

In Prussia there are many *genre* painters who are excellent in the rendering of familiar scenes. M. Meyerheim, member of the Academy at Berlin, shows a delicate pencil and original style in his two pictures of "The Artizan's Family" and the "Peasants of Brunswick going to Church." In the last named picture, the little heads of the personages therein are very daintily treated, and the fresh tints of the costumes relieving gaily upon the deep green of the landscape, show at once the bold and skillful hand of an excellent colorist. Charles Hübner, a pupil of Sohn, seeks to render sentiment more than anything else. He has succeeded in throwing a great deal of poetic feeling into "The Emigrants' Farewell," a beautiful composition, where women and children, just about to leave their country, are seen in a rural cemetery, bidding adieu to the beloved dead they leave behind.

But the first among the *genre* painters that the German collection makes us acquainted with, is Louis Knaus. He was born at Wiesbaden, studied painting in the Düsseldorf Academy, and has recently established himself in Paris. Although a young man, he is quite celebrated. His picture of "The Day after the Fête," has been before exhibited in the Exposition of 1853, but we are, nevertheless, glad to see it again. "The Fire" and "The Bohemians" are later productions, and they are also larger; the coloring in the first of these compositions is very imperfect, but, it is admirable in the second. Besides this, his gipsies are so charming, so *spirituelle!* A company of the Zingaris have stopped beside a wood; a young girl is beautifying herself—engaged in arranging curls in her hair; one of the chiefs of the tribe is stretched out upon the grass and about to take a nap, when a guardian-forester, brim-full of German gravity, comes to demand the passports of these poor wanderers of the earth, with no soil to hail from and no power to protect them. The expression and character of the figures is very remarkable; it is somewhat strange to find such color from the pencil of an artist subject to the influence of the Düsseldorf School.

The Austrian department of the Exposition is not very rich: we noticed the "Eve," by François Steinle, and the peasant scenes of M. Waldmuller, who is professor in the Academy at Vienna.

Before the Swiss pictures we find ourselves in the presence of a numerous class of landscapists. The most celebrated painters of Geneva are Diday and Calame; they are able artists, very conscientious in execution, and perhaps even a little too particular. They fail to express the full effect of the grand scenery before their eyes; they contract horizons, take away from the mountains somewhat of their poetic effect, and render trees too cleanly. I ought to say, however, that Calame has succeeded better this year than ever, in a large picture representing one of the wonders of his country, "The Lake of the Four Cantons." This painting is simple and broad, and the artist, usually timid, shows great boldness in the coloring of the water, calm and blue as the sky it reflects.

Although born at Lausanne, Alfred Van Muyden is not altogether a Swiss artist. A pupil of Kaulbach—he lives at Rome, and he has taken from Italy the subject of his charming compositions. All the world will admire the "Refectory of the Capuchins at Albano," for one cannot fail to be amused to see all those little monks in the low hall of their convent, in company with cats and with birds, friendly parasites who are picking up from the stony floor the crumbs which fall from their meagre table. The coloring of the picture is soft and tranquil, and the light is admirable.

You will perceive by the preceding that whether in Germany or in Switzerland, real success is apparent only among the *genre* painters. High Art is too imperfectly represented in the Exposition to warrant one in passing judgment upon the true value of the schools of Düsseldorf and Munich. Overbeck is not there, and Lessing and Bendeman have sent nothing, and even those who, like Cornelius and Kaulbach, have responded to the call, they are represented only by works not of the very first order.

If we were to sum up our opinions upon the German school, we should say that it attaches too much importance to the study of the Art of the past, and that, slave to traditions too much respected, it lacks the power of original conception. True glory belongs to those who create. In Germany we see, unfortunately, only those artists who remind us of a greater glory before them.

P. MANTZ.

MORLAND.—Morland's works display a natural refinement of taste which, as in the best Dutch Art, is the more striking from the homely character of his subjects. When we look at his pictures, we must conclude that the dissolute habits, which in the prime of life destroyed this extraordinary man, were in a great part to be attributed to the denial of all education to him, excepting in Art, by a sordid father; and which greatly increased, if it did not produce, that shyness of manner which drove him from decent society to the ale-house and the stable, while it left him unfurnished with any resources of relaxation excepting in low indulgence. But whatever were the feelings of Morland, and however to be accounted for, there is no vulgarity in his Art. He is always homely, often slight, to a fault, and it is said he was employed by a patron to paint a series of immortal pictures;—yet such is the refinement of his color, and his true feeling for the simplicity of Nature, that his best works will always sustain companionship with those of Gainsborough, which can be said of no painter in the least degree vulgar. Vulgarity, as Lord Byron has clearly shown, and I think he was the first to point out the distinction, is a very different thing from coarseness. "Fielding," as he says, "is often coarse, but never vulgar;" and the same may be said of Hogarth, of Jan Steen, and, indeed, of all the best Dutch and Flemish painters.